PR
3330
A3
1834

THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

THE

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,

METRICALLY CONDENSED.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/pilgrimsprog00buny

BUNYAN'S

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,

METRICALLY CONDENSED.

IN SIX CANTOS.

BY T. DIBDIN,

AUTHOR OF THE "METRICAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND,"
"AUTOBIOGRAPHY," "THE CABINET,"
"LAST LAYS," &C.

LONDON:

HARDING AND KING, 21, CORNHILL.

1834.

J. AND C. ADLARD, PRINTERS,
BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.

PR
3320
A3
1834

CONTENTS.

ADVERTISEMENT. . . . 7
CANTO I. 9
CANTO II. 25
CANTO III. 43
CANTO IV. 61
CANTO V. 79
CANTO VI. 99

814485

ADVERTISEMENT.

With a view to forming a Pocket Volume, which might prove an acceptable Present to juvenile branches of families, the Versifier of Bunyan has ventured an attempt, in which the characteristic plainness and simplicity of the original has been as faithfully as possible adhered to; and, while long dialogues and disputations only have been omitted, every interesting incident has been scrupulously preserved, as well as a rigid observance of every point of doctrine calculated to enforce the certainty of the

ONLY ONE ROAD

TO

SAFETY AND SALVATION.

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

A CHRISTIAN's struggle (in a dream pourtray'd)
  To flee from sin, and bid its empire cease,
Through HIM who was for us an offering made,
  That Satan's pow'r o'er mortals might decrease.
Into what snares the Pilgrim was betray'd,
And how delivered, by HIS promised aid
  Who points the only path to endless peace.

And though his wife, methought, with infants four,
Would fain arrest his course, he took no heed,
But stopp'd his ears, and with redoubled speed
Urg'd his half-frantic footsteps but the more!

STANZA V.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

CANTO I.

I.

As through life's tangled wilderness I stray'd,
Weary of many a woe—with scarce one gleam
Of sunshine to illume the lengthen'd shade,
Where MAN man's enemy doth ever seem,—
I laid me down: and in a cavern made
By nature in a sleep-inviting glade,
I dream'd a solemn and instructive dream.

II.

Methought I saw a city dazzling bright,
Where all seem'd in pursuit of prospects fair—
Of wealth, and fame, and many a proud delight
That promised happiness, but led to care:
And smiles that spoke serenity, at sight,
Yet mask'd false heart, hypocrisy, and slight;
And vanity, and guile, and fraud, were there.

III.

And, hastening from that town, in pauper guise,
I saw a burthen'd man, with face engraved
By furrows deep of care; his tearful eyes
Fix'd on a *Volume*, whence methought he craved
That counsel, which, how many fools despise!
And sobb'd, with bitter and heart-rending cries,
"What shall I do, Oh tell me, to be saved?"

IV.

The burthen under which his frame was bent
Seem'd weight of *sin;* the Volume in his hand
Contained that undervalued TESTAMENT,
The love of which none may misunderstand;
Its consolations, to poor wanderers sent,
Half SATAN'S kingdom hath already rent,
Nor shall all Hell its final power withstand.

V.

Reading this book, he ran, as he had need,
Maugre the ever-galling weight he bore,
(For 'tis a Volume he who runs may read;)
And though his wife, methought, with infants four,
Would fain arrest his course, he took no heed,
But stopp'd his ears, and with redoubled speed
Urg'd his half-frantic footsteps but the more!

VI.

While thus proceeding, (as I dream'd,) a man
He met, of serious mien, who ask'd him "Why,
"As one bereft of reason, thus he ran,
"With ever and anon that piercing cry?"
To whom, in faultering accent, he began
To answer, "I'm condemn'd! Say, if you can,
"What shall I do? Oh save me, or I die!"

VII.

Evangelist, for so the sage was call'd,
A parchment gave, which did these words display,
Flee from the wrath to come! "Be not appall'd,"
He added, "for escape, there is a way,
"Through yon straight gate, to all who are enthrall'd:"
And pointed to a portal, close enwall'd,
But girt with glory, far surpassing day.

VIII.

The thankful sinner sought the haven, where
He hoped admission, that he might essay
The road to his release from worldly care,
When two o'erbusy neighbours cross'd his way,
In mind well suited to the names they bear,
Of Obstinate, and Pliable: this pair
Against him set themselves in pert array.

IX.

"Return with us," quoth OBSTINATE, "nor let
"Enthusiastic trash your mind mislead."
"Go on with *me*," the Pilgrim said, "while yet
"'Tis time,—nor any earthly hindrance plead;
"Hasten! Oh hasten! ere the sun has set,
"To him whose love redeems your ev'ry debt,
"And asks but your concurrence to be freed."

X.

"Tales told by idiots!" OBSTINATE replied:
"Come, neighbour, leave the maniac to prate!"
But PLIABLE imagined he espied
Some muckworm prospect of advantage great,
And answer'd, "Ere with prejudice decide,
"*I* will the pious Pilgrim's lot abide,
"And share, or good or ill, his future fate."

XI.

With grin sardonic, OBSTINATE went back,
While PLIABLE and PILGRIM, side by side,
Progress conversing;—PILGRIM, with no lack
Of sanguine confidence, the world defied
To turn his footsteps from their present track;
Or, with successful sophistry, attack
His hope, howe'er such hope they might deride.

XII.

But "too secure" is not "too safe," I ween,
While hidden peril in our path may lie;
And so it proved:—a pitfall deep, unseen,
By treacherous weeds, impervious to the eye,
Deceiv'd the pair, as through its "mantle green"
They fell, with exclamation loud and keen,
Deep in the SLOUGH of dark DESPONDENCY.

XIII.

Himself to free, first PLIABLE applied,
With many a plunge and struggle, till at last
He gained his homeward path, then loudly cried
Against his fellow, (still imbedded fast,
And deeper sinking,) and began deride
His journey's object, as with humbled pride
He quick retraced the road so lately pass'd.

XIV.

And retrograding through bye-path and lane,
Where best he observation might avoid,
For he was deeply soil'd by many a stain
From that black slough which much his pride annoy'd;
Yet tried to *laugh*, as heedless, but in vain,
Deriding neighbours cried "What! turn'd again!
"How soon some fools with too hot zeal are cloy'd."

XV.

And OBSTINATE jeer'd PLIABLE the most,
While *he* the blame on PILGRIM tried to lay,
And "that he left him *sinking*," made his boast,
When, looking to himself, he ran away.
This swell'd his persecutors to an host,
(For good or bad scorn who deserts his post,)
And he was glad to shrink from face of day.

XVI.

Return we now where, destitute of aid,
The fainting PILGRIM call'd on *Man* in vain,
Loathing his life, and yet of death afraid,
Each way he turn'd some footing to maintain;
And much his heedless pride did he upbraid,
'Till fervently for *Heav'nly* help he pray'd,—
Then HELP appear'd, and he was safe again.

XVII.

And when he had replaced him on the road,
HELP chid the PILGRIM, that he did not find
Those steps (GOD'S PROMISES) which are bestow'd
Across that quagmire, where alone the blind
May miss their way: but PILGRIM's pond'rous load
Had plunged him deeper in that black abode,
Where he'd been lost but for that Helper kind.

XVIII.

Yet scarcely did that help depart, when lo!
Another peril the poor soul beset,
One WORLDLY WISEMAN, true conviction's foe,
Fast caught the Pilgrim in his treacherous net,
And with persuasives, that like milk did flow,
Won him that to MORALITY he'd go,
By LEGAL means to pay his countless debt.

XIX.

For "Sooner," the deceiver said, "by far
"The burthen would be loos'd, and with more ease,
"By wise secession from a senseless war
"'Gainst *rational* enjoyments, framed to please
"The *moral* sense, and which could be no bar
"To Heaven's acceptance." PILGRIM's happier star
Grew dim, when he was won by words like these.

XX.

Then "If we dare imagine angels weep,"
Their tears fell fast when, as his back he turn'd
On the STRAIGHT WAY. Repentance seem'd to sleep,
As with new fangled, fickle hopes, he burn'd;
And WORLDLY WISEMAN's exultation deep
HYPOCRISY had taught him close to keep
Within a breast that Gospel goodness spurn'd.

XXI.

Near to a fearful hill their progress lay,
  Sinai, famous in the Holy Land
For wonders those dread Chronicles pourtray
  Which, haply, still were in the Pilgrim's hand.
And, as they urg'd their legal, lawless way,
From clouds that paralyzed the face of day
  Came lightnings which no sinner might withstand.

XXII.

The *moral* tempter fled! His victim too
  Had fallen, but the sacred tome he bore
Sustain'd him; and he 'gan to feel anew
  Conviction, prompted by its saving lore:
And while he, sighing, wist not what to do,
Close to his side he hail'd, with joyful view,
  Evangelist, his friend so late before.

XXIII.

Yet sterner than of yore his awful brow,
  As he the soul-struck renegade surveys,
And, with paternal anger, asks him how
  He dared desert his hopes for flattering ways,
Which lead to wrath and danger, as but now;
Then bade him teach his heart subdued to bow
  In humblest offering of prayer and praise.

XXIV.

"MORALITY," he added, "has no pow'r
"To ease thee of thy burthen, nor atone
"Thy sins—Still less has LAW. The happy hour
"For GRACE, is when true FAITH pervades alone
"Regenerated bosoms—'Tis a tow'r
"High above LEGAL fetters, which devour
"The victims who beneath their bondage groan."

XXV.

In confirmation of the truths he told,
EVANGELIST, endow'd with power, like those
Who prophesied, in ISRAEL'S day of old,
Against whoe'er did Heaven's hests oppose,
Adjured the mountain, when again behold!
Fierce lurid flames its summit high enfold,
And earth seem'd bursting with convulsive throes.

XXVI.

Astounded! terror-stricken! bow'd with shame!
The Pilgrim scarce dare ask, "May he resume
"His path forsaken."—Much was he to blame.
Just then a radiant smile seem'd to illume,
(As in my dream I thought,) the teacher's frame,
Who bade the PARDON'D turn to whence he came,
And HOPE'S sweet flow'rets seem'd once more to bloom.

XXVII.

The kiss of peace receiv'd, the Pilgrim hied
More swiftly back than mortal might suppose,
Right sick and weary of mistaken pride,
And LEGAL subtleties, and MORAL foes.
Now, with dear-bought experience for his guide,
He circumspectly watches far and wide,
As, joyful in humility, he goes.

XXVIII.

The light-press'd turf scarce touching, as methought,
He ran, or rather flew, till, at that gate
So lately swerved from, *now* sincerely sought,
He stood, and, trembling seem'd awhile to wait,
Fearing lest yet his hopes might come to nought,
Till, in HIS NAME whose blood SALVATION bought,
He boldly knocked,—impatient of his fate.

XXIX.

Yet no discouragement might well appear,
For, o'er the architrave, a sentence fair,
In bold relief, and with inscription clear,
This heavenly assurance seem'd to bear:
"KNOCK, AND IT SHALL BE OPEN'D,"—framed to cheer
The *lowliest* in hope, and banish fear
From all who seek to gain admittance there.

XXX.

But then, methought, a gloomy fortress, black
With age and perish'd ivy, stood anigh,
From whence fierce fiends were ready to attack
With poison'd darts such pilgrim passers-by
As turn upon the wiles of hell their back;
And much of Christian armour doth it lack,
To shield poor souls where Satan's arrows fly

XXXI.

Yet these our Pilgrim saw not, for indeed
His faculties were all absorb'd, and bent
On SEEKING what he FOUND—for in his need
THE GATE WAS OPEN'D; and, with kind intent,
The porter pluck'd him forward, and, when he
Ask'd "Why that friendly violence might be?"
The shut out castle told him what it meant.

XXXII.

Past grief and present ecstasy o'ercame
The fainting Pilgrim, thankful most for *this*,
That, undeterr'd by worldly sense of shame,
He had attain'd the gate to future bliss.
"Inveni portum!" might he well exclaim:
And when GOODWILL, the porter, ask'd his name,
All fear, while answ'ring thus, did he dismiss:

XXXIII.

"Till late, and justly, GRACELESS was I call'd,
"The city of DESTRUCTION gave me birth,
"And ne'er was wretched culprit more enthrall'd
"By snares, most gilded when of meanest worth.
"I'm now named CHRISTIAN; and, I hope, enstall'd
"In MERCY'S seat, no more to be appall'd,
"Or yet deceiv'd by SATAN'S pow'r on earth."

XXXIV.

And, as he spoke, a sweet seraphic strain
Of countless harps, harmonious, swell'd in air:
('Twas but a dream, but yet to hear again
That heav'nly music, I, methought, could share
An age of this world's agony and pain,
But here, on earth, to hope it, were in vain;)
While cherub choirs this burthen seem'd to bear:

CHORUS.

Halleluja! the Pilgrim a welcome receives,
The portal to mercy he sought and obtains;
His doubts are dispell'd, while he hopes and believes
GRACE conquers the heart where a SAVIOUR'S love reigns.

END OF CANTO I.

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The straight gate pass'd, the Christian burns to know
  Where from his burthen he relief may find,
And (taught by one ordain'd those things to shew,
  Which, well INTERPRETED, exalt the mind
High o'er the poor pursuit of toys below,)
Attains that balm which only can bestow
  Health on the sick, and eyesight to the blind.

And now methought a furnace seem'd to blaze
  Beyond each envious effort to subdue
Its force, by one who water's power essays,
  By which opposed, that fire *more ardent* grew;
For, unobserv'd, a fostering hand conveys
Rich streams of oil the sinking flame to raise,
  And all its vital influence renew.

STANZA XI.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

CANTO II.

I.

"An open door is set before thee now,
"A door no man may shut," the porter cried;
"And, having put thine hand unto the plough,
"Turn thou not back, and God will be thy guide.
The gladsome Pilgrim answered, "Teach me how,
"Grateful within his holy courts to bow,
"Who, for my soul's sake, like a felon died."

II.

And then did Christian, with o'erflowing heart,
To questions from the porter, make reply,
Attempting in faint idiom to impart
What fears induced him from his home to fly;
While in his breast the deeply-rankling dart
Of Sin doth hourly cause increasing smart,
As with new weight his burthen seem'd to lie.

III.

And next, with retrospection clear and brief,
The dangers, just escaped from, he pourtray'd,
From deep despondency his late relief,
And PLIABLE's defection. How betray'd
By WORLDLY WISEMAN into disbelief,
Dwelling, with vivid memory, in chief
On SINAI's lightnings and the Prophet's aid!

IV.

And when his hearer bade him persevere,
And keep the *narrow* path, the Pilgrim pray'd
Present relief from agony severe,
Caus'd by that load which on his conscience weigh'd.
"Pass on," the porter answered, "though not *here*
"Thy place of refuge, 'tis provided near:
"Go forward, firm in faith and undismay'd!"

V.

Now CHRISTIAN journey'd on a space, methought,
Directed to a mansion, where my dream
Presented one who ev'ry pilgrim taught
How to interpret mysteries that seem
At first obscure. Those who his dwelling sought
Were entertained, and sweet instruction bought
For thanks, which past all price they well might deem."

VI.

Here once more question'd, and with joy receiv'd,
By Scripture light the Pilgrim first is shown
The effigy of one who disbeliev'd
His Master's mission, and was, whilom, known
Chief foe to CHRIST's disciples, whom he griev'd
With persecution fierce—himself deceiv'd
By SATAN, who had mark'd him for his own.

VII.

Yet did his victim from the fiend get free;—
For PAUL, when most inflam'd with bigot rage
Against GOD's OWN, was by him call'd to be
The CHRISTIAN'S CHAMPION, and, who late did wage
Fell war against the Cross, its servant see
That Cross to bear none more resolv'd than he,—
Christ's great Apostle in a ruthless age.

VIII.

Next, led by the INTERPRETER, within
A long neglected hall, the Pilgrim saw
One sweep till dust obscured (that dust meant SIN,
The heedless sweeper typified the LAW,)
And Gospel Grace was by her Lord call'd in,
Who that dense cloud to sprinkle did begin;
Till when, the breath of life none there could draw.

IX.

Then, in my dream, I saw two children fair,
  Passion and Patience call'd; the host untired,
When Christian ask'd what moral they might bear,
  Bade him observe—The first named youth desired
Present possession of his fortune there;
While Patience for the *future* felt more care,
  Consenting to await a time required.

X.

And Passion's wishes granted, he obtain'd
  Instant supplies, which instantly he spent;
While Patience, by forbearing, prudence gain'd;
  Wealth much increas'd, and blest with sweet content;
When Passion, with distracted mien complain'd
That of *his* patrimony nought remain'd,
  Which came too quickly, and as quickly went.

XI.

And now methought a furnace seem'd to blaze
  Beyond each envious effort to subdue
Its force, by one who water's power essays,
  By which opposed, that fire *more ardent* grew;
For, unobserv'd, a fostering hand conveys
Rich streams of oil the sinking flame to raise,
  And all its vital influence renew.

XII.

And this interpretation gave the host,—
The fire is LOVE of GOD, the crafty foe
Who cast cold water is THE FIEND, engross'd
In quenching Truth wherever it may glow;
And he whose holy oil succeeded most
In keeping GRACE alive, may Christians boast
The friend of ev'ry wanderer here below.

XIII.

A gorgeous palace next arose, methought,
Whose meanest inmates walk'd in robes of gold,
There none admittance found but those who fought
The fight of faith with resolution bold;
Their names recorded, and their victory bought
With persevering courage, we were taught,
Entitled them to happiness untold.

XIV.

Dark grew the chamber, and an iron cage,
In which we saw, array'd in squalid guise,
Deform'd alternately by grief and rage,
A wretched, never dying captive rise.
With whom did Christian reason, to assuage
His careless agony in that last stage
Of misery too acute for mortal eyes!

XV.

"All cherish HOPE," the anxious Pilgrim said.
"All but the victims of despair, like me,"
Replied the pris'ner; "here all hope is dead,
"And lost in terror of eternity!
"To every vice, deceit, and folly wed,
"I've drawn a curse on this devoted head,
"From which I never, never can be free."

XVI.

"Your God I tempted, crucified his Son,—
"Despised, derided, curs'd his sacred name,—
"No limit marks the evil I have done,
"When, shame to man, I *gloried* in my shame;
"Harden'd in heart, my race was scarcely run,
"When by the powers of hell that heart was won,
"And willingly their victim I became!"

XVII.

"Is there no hope?" the trembling Pilgrim cried;
"Is there no pardon left in Mercy's store
"For that man's guilt?" The host with grief replied,
"CHRIST'S blessed CROSS man's expiation bore;
"And he by whom that cross is once denied,
"Its virtue slander'd, and its GOD defied,
"May well fear mercy lives for him no more."

XVIII.

Then CHRISTIAN, in whose mind these warnings sank,
His burthen seem'd to feel with added weight;
And, as he feebly tried his host to thank,
He ask'd to go, lest he might come too late,
Where such as sought the cup of mercy, drank
Release from sin, and privilege to rank
With those whom Heaven's promised joys await.

XIX.

"Yet one more lesson, and in peace depart,"
Rejoin'd the mild instructor of his guest:
"Behold that sleeper waking; human art
"Ne'er painted man with fear so well express'd.
"And while strange meanings from each eyeball dart,
"You view the palpitation of a heart
"Which agitates his undulating vest."

XX.

"What is thy dread, and why that pallid hue,
"Those trembling limbs, and that keen, haggard eye?"
Demanded CHRISTIAN. "Is it, is it true,
"Or fancy all?" The dreamer made reply:
"Methought I went where all receive their due,
"The judgment-seat of GOD was in my view,
"Nor could I from his awful presence fly.

XXI.

"I heard the FINAL TRUMPET'S dreadful blast,
"Beheld an eye all-searching!—still I see,
"Though turn'd to each around, from first to last,
"How all its energies seem'd fix'd on me!
"GATHER THE WHEAT INTO MY GARNER! CAST,"
"A voice proclaim'd, "THE CHAFF AND TARES BOUND FAST
"INTO THE BURNING LAKE! 'TIS GOD'S DECREE.'"

XXII.

"And myriads of immortals, Oh how fair!
"On wings of flame, by far outstript the wind,
"And bore the RIGHTEOUS upward—what despair
"Seiz'd on this heart when I was left behind;
"If but a vision, all my future care
"Shall be, through faith, past error to repair,
"And keep THAT EYE for ever in my mind."

XXIII.

"And so will I," thought CHRISTIAN, who at last
Exchanged farewells, and hasten'd, that he might
While on his road, revolve instructions past,
And, by their guidance, make his burthen light;
For heavier it seem'd, and bound more fast,
Till nearly sinking, and with pain aghast,
His startled eye beheld a fearful sight.

XXIV.

A CROSS, which waken'd in the Pilgrim's mind
The memory of all his Master's pain,—
A SEPULCHRE, where those who ask, may find
A refuge from the ills of SATAN's reign.
This CHRISTIAN found, through him whose mercies kind
His burthen to that sepulchre consign'd,
And bade exstatic joy succeed to pain!

XXV.

Moment of glory! where's the sceptred KING
In battle's triumph, or the brighter hour
Of bidding subjects' hearts with rapture sing,
By mingling mercy with the sweets of power?
What were all pomp prosperity can bring,
Or what the SMILES of any earthly thing
To *tears* that down that pilgrim's cheek did shower?

XXVI.

He saw the load of wretchedness that long
Had threaten'd fearful, everlasting doom,
Pride, envy, avarice, and every wrong
That rose in judgment, now were in the tomb!
Like incense upward rose the grateful song,
Like Sampson's bold enigma, sweet yet strong,
Soft and ascending as the eaglet's plume.

XXVII.

Ye self-dubb'd Deists, and ye Atheist tribe,
Whose "march of intellect," with fell pretence
Would mock OMNIPOTENCE, and dare prescribe
Your limit to *his* wisdom, get ye hence!
That plastic youth no longer may imbibe
The damning doctrines ye would fain inscribe
On hearts just opening to the joys of sense.

XXVIII.

Though before men ye rave, yet at *his* nod
Who sees in secret, ye in secret quail,
If "wit's a feather, and a fool a rod,"
What's he whose arrogance presumes to rail;
And, worse than fool, whose wit derides his God:
Oh! when in death such view the path they've trod,
How *then* will impious sophistry avail?

XXIX.

Though feeling not the burthen they now bear
Of sin against the light, yet may that grace
They would be thought to scoff at, lead them where,
Like CHRISTIAN, they may find God's word replace
Their weight of error with conviction fair
Of heav'nly mercy, and a Saviour's care,
While they his love unparallel'd embrace.

XXX.

So thankfully felt heart-whole CHRISTIAN when
He lightly left the evil he had borne,
So gratefully he praised his Saviour then,
(The only comforter of souls forlorn ;)
Most happy he among the sons of men ;
And Truth must picture with an angel's pen
His joy to paint, who did so lately mourn.

XXXI.

And now in robes of "silver dipp'd in light"
Three forms seraphic hail'd him: who shall tell
The adoration, blinded with delight,
That fill'd his soul but now redeem'd from hell.
Like suns unclouded now his prospects bright,
And while their smiles celestial glad his sight,
Before those angel forms the Pilgrim fell.

XXXII.

"Peace to thee, CHRISTIAN!" they exclaim'd, "thou'rt blest
"In having listen'd to the *small still voice:*
"THY SINS ARE ALL FORGIVEN! Be at rest!
"This ROBE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, thy wisdom's choice,
"Be thine!—No more in SATAN's liv'ry drest;
"And with this SEAL thy forehead be imprest;
Peace to thee, CHRISTIAN! in thy lot rejoice.

XXXIII.

And then, methought, a golden lettered roll
They gave, and on its surface was engraved
The catalogue of sin to which his soul,
Now free as ambient air, was late enslaved,
With HEAVEN'S PARDON added. When the whole
He had perused, he kissed the welcome scroll,
And o'er his head his hand triumphant waved.

XXXIV.

Now forward boldly with repeated song,
And feathery foot, and happy heart, his way
To Zion-ward he took—I look'd, and long
Methought the cherub trio seem'd to pray;
Then in a hymn (while some ærial throng
Of minstrels loudly joined the sacred song,)
With heavenly accent they attuned this lay :

XXXIV.

" Yes! yes! in heav'n there is more joy!
" More loudly to Jehovah's name we sing,
" When ONE poor soul whom Satan would destroy,
" Is rescued to the glory of our King!

XXXVI.

"More tears of holy rapture then are shed,
"More chords of adoration thrill the lyre,
"For ONE no longer to his Saviour dead,
"Than NINETY-NINE unsinning souls inspire.

XXXVII.

"Father, I've sinn'd!" the Prodigal exclaim'd,
"No longer worthy to be call'd thy son!"
Heav'n smiles! the Saviour's fiat is proclaim'd,
And gain'd through Christ! the sought for prize is won.

CELESTIAL CHORUS.

And then in Heav'n there is more joy,
More loudly to Jehovah's name we sing,
When ONE poor soul whom Satan would destroy,
Is rescued by the mercy of our King!

END OF CANTO II.

CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The PILGRIM'S PROGRESS still, from want of heed,
Is liable to error; sleepers, thieves,
With hills of DIFFICULTY, check its speed;
And CHRISTIAN many a lesson sharp receives.
The PALACE BEAUTIFUL, in hour of need,
Protects him, and, from by-gone terrors freed,
ARMOUR of LIGHT assists him to proceed.

If thus the weeping Pilgrim mourned his fate,
And sank, despairing, on that arbour-seat
Where his first duty slighting, as of late
The conqueror of self-sustain'd defeat,
Who shall the contrast of his joy relate,
Or paint his frantically happy state,
When that prized SCROLL again his sight did greet?

STANZA XX.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

CANTO III.

I.

FREE from the *past*, the CHRISTIAN'S *future* care
Is how to shun improvident neglect,
Guarding his progress so as to beware
Of losing his blest place with Heaven's elect;
For even the "CHOSEN FEW" find many a snare,
Which, to escape, ask watch, and fervent prayer
To HIM, who only can their steps protect.

II.

With more than former caution, then, he goes
Fearing unnumber'd, unforeseen mishaps,
Which hourly may surround him, for he knows
No danger to the soul is like RELAPSE;
And, sad experience tells the countless woes,
The bitter, vain regrets, and griefs of those
Whom, once escaped, the Fiend again entraps.

III.

A little onward, in a sombre glen,
Three fetter'd fools he saw enwrapp'd in sleep,
PRESUMPTION, SLOTH, and SIMPLE, call'd, these men
Good CHRISTIAN fain would waken, but too deep
Their slumbers—to remonstrance, now and then,
They, dreaming, answer'd, turn'd, and slept again,
Powerless their leaden lids alive to keep.

IV.

He left them, grieving inwardly with shame,
That man should be of indolence the prey
So much as to incur the sinful blame
Of turning into night the glorious *day*;
When, o'er a wall, two interlopers came,
HYPOCRISY and FORMALIST, by name,
With bold intrusion on that sacred way.

V.

To whom thus CHRISTIAN, "Are ye not aware
"That '*He who cometh in not by the gate*,
"But climbeth fences as marauders dare,
"Must as a thief be counted?'" *They*, elate
With easy entrance, answer'd, "Little care
"Have we, but that we're *here*; and custom fair
"Supports us, which for years on years we date."

VI.

"To plead such custom will no favour gain
"Where this road ends," the Pilgrim firm replied.
But all essay of argument was vain;
Himself, and robe celestial, they deride:
But little by such scorn did they obtain,
He forward pass'd, untouch'd by their disdain,
Or threats, or ridicule, which he despised.

VII.

And, shutting out all meaner objects then,
His PARDON, late inscribed, he oft perused,
Unmindful of those poor besotted men,
Who, following, ferociously abused
All "saintly hypocrites;" and rail'd till when
They found two paths: *this* led to DANGER's den,
That to DESTRUCTION,—both too often used!

VIII.

The narrow way they left, wound up a hill
Call'd "DIFFICULT," which CHRISTIAN wisely chose;
The others took each path to certain ill,
And perish'd both! The Pilgrim slowly rose
From obstacle to obstacle, until
He found an arbour, near a murmuring rill,
Which lull'd his weary senses to repose.

IX.

Here had he careless slept till the last rays
Of day had left him, but a voice said "Rise!
"Go to the ant, thou sluggard! mark *her* ways,
"And learn by her example to be wise!"
No *second* warning needs he: in amaze,
He instant, to atone for past delays,
And gain the summit, all his power applies.

X.

Upward he toils, the pinnacle at last
Surmounting, joyfully he looks around:
When fearing each to be in speed surpast,
A breathless pair scarce seem'd to touch the ground;
No coward caitiffs ere were more aghast,
Or from imagined danger ran as fast,
As they, who cried "Back! back!" with look astound.

XI.

Mistrust and Timorous the trembling two
Were designated; Christian mark'd their flight,
And ask'd "Why they *return'd*, when they might rue
"Their retrograding thus in causeless fright?"
"They meant," they said, "no longer to pursue
"A path where danger ever is in view:"
And Christian thus they urged to share their flight:

XII.

"Passing but now yon angle of the rock,
"We saw a palace brilliant as the day,—
"Approach'd it; and, as if our hopes to mock,
"Across the threshold two fierce LIONS lay:
"Haply of *such* there may remain a flock
"Our further passage on that road to block,
"And henceforth those who chuse such dangers may!"

XIII.

"Unless fears magnify," the Pilgrim said,
"*You* may, from what you've seen, your progress stay;
"But *I*, whate'er may be the cause for dread,
"Will to no earthly obstacle give way:
"*Should* I, where could I hide my recreant head,
"Or hope in heav'n to break of life the bread,
"If I our Master's cause could so betray?

XIV.

"My home I fled from, lest the WRATH to come
"Should, after life, my dreadful portion be;
"If I return, I court the awful doom
"Which has so lately been remitted me!
"Lions, or flames, or sword, may to the tomb
"Conduct, but then *above* there 's ample room
"For all who only would through CHRIST be free."

XV.

The couple heard not, but adown the hill
They fled amain, and CHRISTIAN with a smile
Then thought that to suspend all thoughts of ill,
And make the *future*, *present* cares beguile,
He'd once more read his PARDON; and I still
Remember how all HOPE it seem'd to kill,
When he that PARDON found not! Woe the while!

XVI.

Before his GOD whose gift he should have kept,
By which alone his journey could avail,
He mourn'd his ingrate heedlessness and wept,
Retraced his steps with fruitless woe and wail,
Till he regain'd that arbour where he'd slept;
Still praying that his Saviour would accept
The deep contrition of a heart so frail.

XVII.

"I who condemned the sleepers in the dell,
"The beam beheld not in my own weak sight,
"Too blind, while judging others, to foretell
"The deeper guilt I should incur ere night.
"A treasure which for worlds I would not sell
"Was mine, and I was told to guard it well—
"'Tis gone! and with it all of hope takes flight.

XVIII.

"That jewel, far above all price to win,
"Wife, infants, roof, and ev'ry tie on earth
"I left; for what to me were friends or kin
"To such a gem of true celestial worth?
"A charm to banish every ill within,
"My great physician for each mortal sin,
"My soul's certificate of second birth!

XIX.

"Arm'd with that talisman, there's not a foe
"Could bar my way, or cause one serious gri
"Now spiritless, defenceless, must I go,
"And tremble at the shaking of a leaf:
"Then from my Judge will come the final blow,
"Commencing my hereafter endless woe—
"Cast out! condemned! rejected as a thief!"

XX.

If thus the weeping Pilgrim mourned his fate,
And sank, despairing, on that arbour-seat
Where his first duty slighting, as of late
The conqueror of self-sustain'd defeat,
Who shall the contrast of his joy relate,
Or paint his frantically happy state,
When that prized SCROLL again his sight did greet?

XXI.

Imagine captive monarchs from their chains
By sudden justice to their state restored;
A lover whose fond suit his love disdains,
At once accepted by the maid adored;
Or husband weeping o'er the pale remains
Of her who by some miracle regains
Life, health, and love, to bless her happy lord.

XXII.

Imagine these, and greater joys combined,
And CHRISTIAN's transports far exceeded all;—
All earthly bliss was in that scroll entwined,
And more *beyond* this little transient ball:
The arbour now again he leaves behind,
With bursting heart, and humbly happier mind
Than e'er did yet his pilgrimage befal.

XXIII.

Thrice happy CHRISTIAN, in *one* moment tost
On Passion's wave, the *next* to be at peace;
His fault retrieving at but little cost,
So soon he found his recent anguish cease.
Well are we taught, that *never* till 'tis *lost*
We estimate a blessing! Winter's frost
To memory of the rose gives large increase.

XXIV.

And now, when shades of night on ev'ry side
Curtain'd the horizon till scarce a spark
Of light cheer'd CHRISTIAN o'er that mountain wide,
Through paths of peril, dreary, cold, and dark;
Yet did he persevere till he descried
That palace which, with hospitable pride,
Blazed, as on ocean shines the seaman's mark.

XXV.

This he approach'd with animated pace,
For, nearing home, exhaustion we forget;
Refreshed by *hope*, of *fear* he show'd no trace,
When one more trial seem'd to wait him yet:
On either side with fierce colossal grace
A lordly lion seem'd to guard a place
Where none with life might entrance hope to get.

XXVI.

He now to memory recall'd the flight
Of those seceders, TIMOROUS and MISTRUST,
And then resolved, come danger as it might,
Where duty pointed,—"ON!" obey he must;
Displaying then the SCROLL, his heart grew light,
Fearless (like PAUL at Ephesus) to fight
With lions in HIS CAUSE who aids the just!

XXVII.

During the pause this brief reflection made,
A portal of the palace fair and wide
Was open'd; and aloud, "Be not afraid,
"Come boldly on!" a kind domestic cried;
"Nor be at those, our lion-guards, dismay'd;
"Placed only that your FAITH may be essay'd;
"Pass midway, and their threats may be defied."

XXVIII.

Midway he pass'd, and, nearer, saw the pair
Were safe encircled by a massy chain,
Each to its limit march'd, with savage stare,
And with fell roar they threaten'd, but in vain:
CHRISTIAN went on, divested of all care,
But gratitude to him who brought him there,
After a day of so much anxious pain.

XXIX.

Safe at the portal, CHRISTIAN there repeats,
To questions ask'd him, Whence? and Why he came
So late for shelter?—Tells of his defeats,
Triumphs, and troubles, nor conceals his shame
For sleeping on his watch.—His frankness meets
Deserv'd reward: a lovely damsel greets
His entrance next,—DISCRETION was her name.

XXX.

To her she call'd, each than herself more fair,
Three other maidens,—PRUDENCE, tho' reserved
And tranquil, soft as summer dew, was there:
Next PIETY, whose bosom never swerv'd
From sweet sincerity of praise and prayer:
But, in my dream, methought, beyond compare,
Smiled CHARITY, who well the palm deserv'd.

XXXI.

These (while his weary spirit to recruit,
Others the table hospitably spread
With needful food, and generous wine and fruit,
Or smooth'd a pillow for the Pilgrim's head,)
Join'd in such converse as such hearts may suit,
With FREEDOM and GOOD-NATURE; neither mute
On subjects which to kind INSTRUCTION led.

XXXII.

And while he supp'd they ask'd of CHRISTIAN why
He left his partner, and her offspring dear,
Preferring, though it was for life, to fly
A *solitary* Pilgrim? With a tear
But ill suppress'd, and many a struggling sigh,
"For them," he said, "alas! with joy I'd die,
My soul's salvation only is more dear!"

XXXIII.

"Who could her infants from a mother take?—
"And she, though I besought her by all love
"To fly DESTRUCTION, for those children's sake,
"For mine, for her's, for HIS who rules above:
"I tried in vain her feelings to awake,
"No argument her wilfulness could shake,
"But only mockery and scorn could move."

XXXIV.

"GOD, in his time, her purposes may change;"
The Sisters answer'd—To amuse his woe.
They promised, on the morrow, all of strange
And high import, that house contain'd, to show:
That night he rested, yet his thoughts would range
From heav'n to home,—a home he'd but exchange
For that new world to which he look'd to go.

XXXV.

Two days the Pilgrim they detain'd, and ere
He journey'd on, their promise they redeem'd,
By exhibition of all rich, or rare,
Or sacred, by the wise and good were deemed
Among their treasure:—from a terrace fair
He saw the road he yet must travel, where
If peril threatened, much of mercy beam'd.

XXXVI.

He saw the *sword* PHILISTIA's champion drew;
The humble *scrip* where ISRAEL's future king
That missile carried which GOLIAH slew;
The herdsman's mantle and unerring *sling*;
The legislator's rod next met his view,
With which, in time of thirst, the Hebrew drew
From rocks, relief no power but heav'n's could bring.

XXXVII.

The simple weapon SAMPSON chanced to wield,
Which Pagan foes most fatally annoy'd,
The oxen's goad, which, when he took the field
SHAMGAR, with equal bravery employ'd;
The fatal nail from which no pow'r could shield
Proud SISERA, to woman doom'd to yield,
And GIDEON's arms which MIDIA's sons destroy'd.

XXXVII.

But most of all elated was their guest,
When from the armoury desired to take
Whate'er he would select from all the rest,
And arm himself to battle for HIS sake,
Who bids us "fight the fight;" to which behest,
Bowing, in panoply of proof now drest,
He burns in arms his first essay to make.

XXXIX.

When CHRISTIAN at the wicket-gate went in,
  The choir celestial tuned their harps on high,
When, at the cross he left his weight of sin,
  Again they joined in grateful harmony;
And now once *more* I heard the strain begin,
"The Christian soldier arms, for God to win,
  "Or wear in death the palm of VICTORY!"

END OF CANTO III.

CANTO IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

DISCRETION, PRUDENCE, PIETY, attend
The Pilgrim's steps, and put him on his way;
And CHARITY, of all mankind the friend,
Imparts her kindness. A most glorious day
Awaits the Soldier, eager to defend
His Master's cause. A dreadful combat's end
Proves CHRISTIAN victor, to the FIEND's dismay.

His sword the Pilgrim drew,
Which, as across the Monster's sight it flamed,
Stagger'd his sense.

STANZA XXVII.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

CANTO IV.

I.

"Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes,"
A bard once sang: and yet we may not deem
That fancy errs, in ev'ry road she takes,
Or every vision but a baseless dream:
When Bunyan slumbers, then he best awakes
Conviction in the faithless, for whose sakes
Plain truths he tells, howe'er they fictions seem.

II.

Homely his idiom, which, more homely, I
Have haply render'd in my humble verse;
Yet hope, if given with fidelity,
The matter for the manner not made worse.
Certes, a Muse beyond all praise should fly
On such a theme as man's felicity,
Secured by cancelling the Serpent's curse.

III.

A little pearl, as fables tell us, erst
Down in the bosom of "the vasty deep"
Unnoticed lay for many an age immers'd,
And shed a *pearly* tear, (for pearls could weep
When trees and flowers with beasts and birds convers'd,
As, whilom in my youth, I've heard rehears'd,)
To think so long it should neglected sleep.

IV.

By *change*, like many on this earth, we know
Which folly can set up, and virtue down,
Abase the highest, and exalt the low,
And o'er a monarch elevate a crown;
The meanest to magnificence may grow,
The humble acorn to an oak, and so
That pearl *arose* to decorate a *crown*.

V.

So, lowly CHRISTIAN, who, small space gone by,
Was plunged in black DESPONDENCY and care,
Weigh'd down by sin, small hope of rescue by,
Pardon'd—that pardon lost, and worse despair
The terrible result,—*now* ranking high
As CHAMPION of the CROSS, for which to die
Elects him to a CROWN of GLORY heir!

VI.

Yet, though in heart elate when forth he went,
(A heart more gentle, corslet ne'er did hide,)
Glittering in arms, but still on peace intent,
And all he might with honour, to abide,
Sooner than discord sow or discontent,
Or raise an arm on strife or slaughter bent,
Unless by foeman to his GOD defied.

VII.

And much did it behove him so to feel:
Tho' DIFFICULTY he had left behind,
The vale below, to him (though cased in steel)
Was fraught with peril of superior kind,
And one to arms admitting small appeal;
HUMILIATION set on all her seal
Who, there descending, were to danger blind.

VIII.

To guard him much as in their province lay,
DISCRETION, link'd with PRUDENCE, went before,
And PIETY, too, brought him on his way,
With CHARITY, herself of good a store;
'Twas by their Lord's divine commandment they,
Who at the palace had beguil'd his stay,
His parting lighten'd with of kindness more.

IX.

And, ere they reach'd the bottom of that hill,
  Discretion taught him less to seek than shun
Dissension; Prudence how to meet each ill;
  And Piety, save God, to trust to none!
While Charity, with swimming eye, yet still
By smiles accompanied, inclined his will
  All foes to pardon when in fight he won.

X.

Some parting token for her sake to bear
  Each offer'd ere she left: Discretion gave
The glass of *foresight* to prevent much care
  In tracing out his road; while Prudence grave
A purse presented with advice to *spare*;
Fair Piety, a book of precious pray'r
  In golden text, with illustration brave.

XI.

And Charity, as if of good ashamed,
  A mantle gave, (wishing her deeds unknown,)
She form'd to hide, so wonderfully framed,
  Deformity in others as our own;
And in that cloak a treasure, but not named
For Christian, and for all his aid who claim'd,
  His gifts to whom would many a sin atone.

XII.

And never felt that Pilgrim so alone
As when those maidens left him in the vale:
Methought a tear, which fain he would disown,
Roll'd down his manly cheek, and told a tale
Of thoughts gone back to home! Much dearer grown
From dangers disbeliev'd, or scarcely known,
By those dear friends they might too soon assail!

XIII.

But little time had he for grief, I wot,
For, as his downcast eye he rais'd again,
He wist not what he saw, for it was not
"A *gentle knyghte* came pricking o'er the plain,"
Fiendlike in form, and with defiance hot,
While CHRISTIAN seem'd all spell-bound to the spot,
As JEHU, like his foe, came on amain!

XIV.

Ye veterans in war, who when but young,
Felt and remember, in your maiden fight,
Something in nerves approaching to "*unstrung*,"
As your *first* enemy came close in sight—
Ye will not blame the hero we have sung,
Whose foe appear'd a nondescript, which tongue
Could never yet describe, or paint aright.

XV.

The *arms* of *your* opponents you admired,
Their *banners* designated *whence* they came,
Their gallant bearing emulation fired,
You *fi ar'd* not, but *applauded*—little blame
To Christian, if, when foeman strange, attired
As *his* appear'd, some moments it required
To warm his courage with religion's flame.

XVI.

A human outline, dark and undefined,
With mouth of lion, issuing wreaths of flame,
And scales like fell LEVIATHAN—no kind
Of animal resembled him; his name
APOLLYON! dragon's pinions were assign'd
His shapeless shoulders; feet that seem'd inclined
To imitate a bear's—and *on* he came!

XVII.

In either hand he brandish'd darts of fire,
Which ever and anon he whirl'd around,
Or toss'd above his head with hell-born ire,
As if he meant the pilgrim to astound.
But CHRISTIAN nor advanced, nor would retire,
Until the enemy, with threatenings dire,
Sprang to his prey with one infuriate bound.

XVIII.

That awful moment in the balance weigh'd,
Seem'd CHRISTIAN'S fate—resolv'd at first to try
The fight, he faulter'd, till reflection stay'd
Such want of resolution—should he fly,
His back, with steel unguarded, were betray'd
To the fiend's archery; himself, too, made
A victim to his imbecility.

XIX.

His wav'ring eye, now glancing o'er his shield,
Beheld a powerful word thereon engraved,
'Twas FAITH, by which, when just about to yield,
The nearly sinking CHRISTIAN soul was saved.
His fears had from the FIEND been ill conceal'd,
Who, in a voice which scorn and hate reveal'd,
And look disdainful, spoke, or rather raved:

XX.

"Whence com'st thou, caitiff? whither dost thou speed?'
To whom the Pilgrim, reassured, replied,
"The CITY of DESTRUCTION, in my need
"Of pardon for past sins, I left, and tried
"To find a path to ZION, where, indeed,
"I hope to rest; and, should that hope succeed,
"Earth's empire would I with no soul divide."

XXI.

"The CITY of DESTRUCTION owns *my* sway,
"I am its sovereign prince, APOLLYON said,
"And *thou* my subject, and a traitor! say,
"Hast thou of punishment condign no dread,
"Thou who hast dared without our grant, to stray,
"Detected renegade! retrace thy way,
"Or by my diadem I strike thee dead!"

XXII.

Quoth CHRISTIAN, "In your dangerous domain
"That I was born, I cannot well deny,
"Too long the slave of thy despotic reign,
"I here renounce it, Fiend, and utterly!
"Thy wages are but death, thy favour, *bane*,
"The *antidote* to which I've found, and vain
"Wouldst thou again my lost allegiance buy."

XXIII.

"Nay, since 'tis *interest* sways thee," with a sneer
Of bitterest contempt, the demon cried,
"No price to save a subject were too dear,
"Thou shalt command my treasures—on my side
"Rank kings, and powers, and conquerors, nor fear
"Thou with the highest shalt command, if here
"Thou to my throne wilt swear to be allied."

XXIV.

"That I'm another's soldier thou mayst see
"By these my arms, nor million-fold the worth
"Of all thy wealth would make me faithless be!"
The warrior elect retorted.—"Earth,"
Rejoin'd the Fiend, "Holds not a thing by me,
"Double deserter! so despised as thee,
"And thou shalt curse the hour that gave thee birth."

XXV.

"Not in *his* service," CHRISTIAN boldly said,
"My lot in *thine* I'd cause to curse, but" —"Hold!"
"The Prince of Darkness bellow'd, "Hast forgot
"How oft thy second master thou hast sold?
"Desponding, sleeping, boasting, didst thou not
"Disgrace the very arms thou now hast got,
"When me, thy proper lord, with fear thou didst behold?"

XXVI.

"All this," said CHRISTIAN, "is too true, but I
"Am on my master's bus'ness, take good care
"How you impede his officer, for high
"And sacred is the character I bear."
APOLLYON answer'd, "In thine office die!
"Thy going hence with life, no living eye
"Shall see, by my infernal den, I swear!

XXVII.

With maniac rage a fire-tipp'd dart he threw,
Which CHRISTIAN'S shield flung back on him who aim'd
Its mischief; then his sword the Pilgrim drew,
Which, as across the Monster's sight it flamed,
Stagger'd his sense, as when all Israel blew
Their trumpets, crash'd their lamps, and MIDIAN knew
'The sword of heav'n and GIDEON,' victory claimed.

XXVIII.

Like sinners flying in conviction's face,
The son of Belial to the charge came back,
His darts flew thick as hail, and not a place
In CHRISTIAN'S armour that some mark did lack
Of their fell force, which deeply one might trace
For ages after; (wounds are no disgrace:)
Yet dear the Fiend abided each attack.

XXIX.

Thrice 'twas the struggling Pilgrim's lot to feel,
As the fierce fight was pictured in my dream,
The biting keenness of his foeman's steel;
In head, hand, foot, meaning, as it should seem,
(I speak but what my vision did reveal,
And but to its instruction can appeal,)
His understanding, converse, faith, I deem.

XXX.

The day half spent, and Christian nearly too,
(So long, methought, the contest was maintain'd,
While neither yet the other could subdue,)
While each satanic nerve APOLLYON strain'd,
His darts expended, and impetuous threw
The Pilgrim on the earth, nor much to do
For his destruction now, I wist, remain'd.

XXXI.

Then with fell grasp poor CHRISTIAN's throat he press'd,
Who, desperate, firmly grasp'd his shortened blade,
And ardently, in mental pray'r, address'd
The power by whom alone are conquerors made;
'Twas brief and needfully, howe'er exprest,
For the fierce foe no time allow'd to rest,
And still less chance appeared of mortal aid.

XXXII.

Exulting o'er his victim in the dust,
APOLLYON paus'd, with horrible delight,
When CHRISTIAN, with one sudden deadly thrust,
Changed, instant, the complexion of the fight;
And, as he dealt the blow, "thus ever must
"They conquer," he exclaim'd, "in God who trust,
"As they must fall who hold his mercies light?"

XXXIII.

The Fiend, astounded, stagger'd, and had fled;
But, as like lightning he pursued his blow,
"Rejoice not over me," the Pilgrim said,
"For when I fall I shall arise!" and lo!
His dazzling steel whirl'd round APOLLYON'S head,
Who in dismay his bat-like pinions spread,
And, howling, sped to the abodes of woe.

XXXIV.

"Nay then," pleas'd CHRISTIAN cried, "in all these things
"We 're more than conquerors, through him whose love
"Protects us!" and HIS praise the Pilgrim sings,
Who "*sought*," is "found," and will for ever prove
His seeker's refuge; who from evil brings
Good, and, from whose assistance, slaves and kings
Have equal privilege in pray'r to move.

XXXV.

And then a hand appear'd, like that of yore,
The PERSIAN'S FATE that pencill'd on the wall—
Leaves, gather'd from the tree of life, it bore,
The Pilgrim's wounds to heal; nor was this all
Of wonder, for, seraphic, as before
The minstrel corps celestial sung once more
In ANGEL triumph o'er a DÆMON'S fall!

XXXVI.

While CHRISTIAN, who, by CHARITY'S kind care,
With wine restorative had been supplied,
And rich confections, nutritive and rare,
To present need the welcome stores applied;
But first craved blessing in right thankful pray'r,
And (while he humbly doth his laurels bear)
The choristers of ZION thus replied:

XXXVII.

"Thy pray'rs have been heard, and thy valour recorded,
"The battle is ne'er to the strongest decreed;
"Like THEE, who confide, will as sure be rewarded,
"As foes of JEHOVAH to fall are decreed.

XXXVIII.

"The race to the swift is not always conceded,
"But he who in weakness asks strength from above,
"Will find that the cause of the lowly is pleaded,
"And won by a Saviour whose essence is LOVE.

XXXIX.

"Thy shield, the SHIELD of FAITH, hath saved thee,
"When foes of him who loves thee braved thee;
"When pow'rs of darkness had enslaved thee,
"But in thy Master's sight,
"The darts of evil boldly facing,
"Thy proud profession not disgracing,
"Thy trust on him who made thee placing,
"Thou'rt VICTOR in the fight!

"Thus thy pray'rs have been heard, and thy valour recorded,
"The battle is not to the strongest decreed;
"And, like THEE, who confides will as sure be rewarded,
"As foes of JEHOVAH to FALL are DECREED!"

END OF CANTO IV.

CANTO V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Triumphant, while new triumphs he obtains,
To darker scenes the onward Pilgrim hies:
The VALLEY of DEATH'S SHADOW, where there reigns
"Darkness that's felt," and fire that never dies.
A brother Pilgrim's company he gains,
Whose crown of martyrdom dissolves those chains
Which keep true Christians from their native skies.

Legions of sheeted ghosts passed gibbering by,
Hydras, and hooded serpents – –

STANZA XIII.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

CANTO V.

I.

'Twere vain to wish for better poet's pens,
But "better POETS," was a lapse,—I'd say
'Twere vain to wish for what is other men's,—
I mean the talent Terror to pourtray,
As MILTON or as DANTE, the dire dens
Of PANDEMONIUM, or the pitchy fens
Of EREBUS, which they so well display.

II.

The road to Heav'n from Earth, we're but too sure,
Is thorny, full of ravines, pits, and snares,
Where, hoping much, much more we must endure,
Ere reap the wheat among so many tares;
Censured when rich, or haply crush'd if poor,
"Another, and a better world," the cure,
And *only* cure for wayworn pilgrims' cares.

III.

Seeking that better world, *our* Pilgrim's pace
He quicken'd, on his setting once more forth;
Pleas'd, void of pride, his sword without disgrace
He'd drawn, and proved his armour's genuine worth;
Anxious to shun, yet fearing not to face
New dangers, he began his nerves to brace
'Gainst any chances which from time have birth.

IV.

Then, as MISTRUST and TIMOROUS before
Essay'd to turn him from his proper way,
With agitation pale, two cowards more
Cross'd him, as though his progress they would stay;
And, speech when they could find, at every pore
Exuding abject terror, they implore
Of CHRISTIAN to return, while yet he may.

V.

He ask'd "The danger?" "There! beyond the heath,
"Unseen, no mortal would believe the tale,
"A fearful hollow lies—the VALE of DEATH!
"Where witchcraft, flames, and sorcery prevail:
"Serpents infect the air with poison'd breath,
"Fiends fly above, and scorpions crawl beneath,
"And sulph'rous heat is mix'd with scalding hail!

VI.

"And fire-eyed dragons in that noisome dell,
"And victims, bound in burning chains, abide,
"Whose every respiration is a yell
"Of such despair as would even GOD deride;
"While the hoarse clanging of a ceaseless knell,
"Which calls all inmates to their native hell,
"Distracts the ear, and ev'ry sense beside!"

VII.

To whom thus CHRISTIAN: "Should the way indeed
"Prove all your fears describe, I hold it still
"(Or were it worse) my duty to proceed,
"And, by protecting help of Heav'n I will!"
"Take thy way, fool!" they answer'd, "'tis decreed
"That thou must perish, and wilt vainly plead
"For grace, when thou of peril hast thy fill."

VIII.

The Pilgrim drew his sword, and firmly bent
His footsteps to the path denounced, and then
Discover'd (whatsoe'er was their intent,)
Much reason for the caution of those men;
And soon at every step, though on he went,
Felt much inclined his rashness to repent,
And, like his tempters, to return again.

IX.

The devious path was rugged; on each side
Methought a deep and filthy ditch was seen,
ERROR and SIN their names. Each surface wide
Was thickly mantled with deceptive green;
Most wretched he whoe'er such surface tried,
'Mid shoals mephitic, destined to abide
With snakes, efts, newts, and reptiles most obscene!

X.

And, half way through this melancholy dell,
Where ev'ry soil was sown with horrors new,
Wide gaped, insatiable, the jaws of HELL!
And danger upon danger darker grew:
And sight and hearing, feeling, taste, and smell,
So at each turn distress'd, no man could tell
How he, with life, that valley might pass through.

XI.

And flame, that gave no light, succeeded smoke;
And lava sported round the Pilgrim's feet;
As, tottering, he stepp'd. Dead silence (broke
At intervals by shrieks, that sore did greet
The ear,) prevail'd, or, haply, something spoke,
Or seem'd to speak, blaspheming; or awoke
Strange thoughts rebellious, and for man unmeet.

XII.

That sword so formidable, lately felt
By fierce APOLLYON, caus'd nor fear nor care,
Circled by HELL as it had been a belt,
CHRISTIAN no weapon found avail but PRAYER;
'Mid fires, might boldest resolution melt,
And fears and fancies so profusely dealt,
That all a morbid mind e'er magnified seem'd there.

XIII.

Legions of sheeted ghosts pass'd gibbering by,
Hydras, and hooded serpents hissing flew
Close to his vision, or appear'd so nigh
That, even arm'd with pray'r, he backward drew!
And one dread vampyre, with terrific eye,
And threatening arm, seem'd HEAV'N to defy
With laughter, echoed by the spectral crew.

XIV.

Then CHRISTIAN lifted up his voice, and loud,
(As one whom some new impulse did inspire,)
Pronounced THAT NAME to which we all have bow'd;
And instant saw HELL's denizens retire:
No longer of their transient triumph proud
With groans terrific the satanic crowd
Plunged, self-impell'd, in lakes of liquid fire!

XV.

"In the LORD's strength I'll walk!" the Pilgrim sang,
As light seem'd dawning o'er the fading scene,
When, suddenly, the space before him rang
With accents welcome to his ear, I ween,
So late polluted with discordant clang
Of chains, and cries, and curses from the gang
Of that sad region he but now had seen.

XVI.

And, still at distance, did they seem to fly,
And faintly flicker in the lambent flame,
While forms and fires retiring seem'd to die,
As heav'n's bright beams with soft gradation came
In blushing tints, that warm'd the morning sky;
Then with what rapture did the Pilgrim's eye
Contrast them with the glare of Sin and Shame!

XVII.

Again the voice before him (so methought)
Sang loud and cheerful as the matin bird,
And CHRISTIAN with delight those accents caught,
His heart responsive to the strains he heard:
"Through Death's dark valley, by thy precepts taught,
"I walk rejoicing, unsubdued by aught,
"Supported ever by thy saving word!"

XVIII.

Now CHRISTIAN'S voice, as well as feelings, tried
To answer his precursor, and this lay,
Which memory from sacred text supplied,
Greeted the beauteous birth of opening day!
"The shades of death he hath with morning's pride
"Replaced, and shadows which his power defied,
"Have changed to beams that light me on my way!"

XIX.

"His radiant day-star shineth o'er my head,"
(Job's gratitude the prototype supplies,)
"And through the murky veil of darkness spread,
"His wisdom proves a lantern to mine eyes!"
The former voice the thankful theme that led
Was silent, and the Pilgrim left to "thread
The thicket," he approach'd in lonely wise.

XX.

That thicket's inlet, to the startled view,
Disclosed a cave, near which in sad display
The mangled forms of men, whom giants two
(Now little dreaded) once had slaughter'd, lay;
PAGAN and POPE the miscreants were—but few
Their influence now own, and those who do,
Few converts find their doctrines to obey.

XXI.

Of these, one at the cave's mouth CHRISTIAN saw,
But, all depress'd with age, he helpless lay;
Incapable to those to give the law
Who deem'd INFALLIBLE a thing of clay;
The Pilgrim passing safe, beheld him gnaw
His nails for spite, with paralytic jaw,
And heedless of each menace, went his way.

XXII.

A hill surmounted, from its height his view
Encounter'd, but a little way before,
The singer he had listen'd to, and who,
Like CHRISTIAN, burthen'd with offences sore,
Had ask'd, as *he* did, what were best to do;
And, freed from sin, his course did now pursue
Toward that home where grief exists no more!

XXIII.

CHRISTIAN a townsman saw in him, of old,
Who in his own predicament was placed;
FAITHFUL by name and second nature, bold
In the good cause, so eager in his haste,
That when desired to stop, he CHRISTIAN told,
He in a race for Heav'n had been enroll'd,
Nor dare he one important moment waste.

XXIV.

In emulation of his honest zeal
Methought that CHRISTIAN tried to overtake
And pass his brother pilgrim, when his heel
Entangled in an intervening brake,
Threw him a fall, and much he seem'd to feel
That check, as to his conscience an appeal
'Gainst sinful striving for VAIN GLORY'S sake.

XXV.

And FAITHFUL, (as all brother pilgrims should,)
To "raise up them that fall," assistance gave,
And now they march'd *together*, and 'twas good
To hear them with expression warm, but grave,
Exchange EXPERIENCES, for either could
Tell of temptations conquering, or withstood,
Thro' HIS assistance who but came to save.

XXVI.

FAITHFUL, like CHRISTIAN, had in LAW put trust,
And WANTON, with her wiles had him assail'd,
And FAITHFUL fell, as fall all mortals must;
And much that wicked lapse had he bewail'd:
Old ADAM he at length put off, as dust
His *works* accounting; till among the just
Admitted by new birth when GRACE prevail'd.

XXVII.

Now, while in converse kind, it chanced, they pass'd
One TALKATIVE, who boasted much and long
Of *his* regeneration, and so fast
He spoke whole volumes about right and wrong,
All in the mould of affectation cast,
That, tired, they left his rapid tongue at last
To other list'ners to repeat its song.

XXVIII.

Yet not so happily had they been quit
Of such associate, but while talking, he
Beheld EVANGELIST approach. Unfit
For such companion conscious he must be,
He by retreat evinced unusual wit;
Meantime, with features by true pleasure lit,
Their welcome friend the joyful pilgrims see.

XXIX.

With cordial salutation did they greet:
And, after much of kind enquiry made,
EVANGELIST prepared their minds to meet
More than of peril they had yet essay'd;
For, sacrificed to perjury, deceit,
And hate of wicked men, imprison'd, beat
To death, they one or both would be betray'd.

XXX.

Exhorting them in future trials, then,
To think whose soldiers and whose servants they
Had been appointed; and to play the men,
And testimony for the truth display;
And joys beyond all sublunary ken,
Imagination, Painting, power of pen,
Would crown their zeal in GOD'S last judgment-day.

XXXI.

A city near at hand would prove the scene,
He said, of their oppression; and its name
Was VANITY, where all delights terrene
Of riches, rank, prosperity, and fame,
Were bought and sold; and where a FAIR had been
For ages held—all nations there were seen,
And princes, peers, and poor adventurers came.

XXXII.

Ere the kind sage departed, at their pray'r
His counsels he repeated, and when gone,
The Pilgrims cherish'd the proud hope to bear
The cross and crown of MARTYRDOM, each one
Aspired to be selected—at the fair
They soon arrived, and what they saw when there
Included all by which weak hearts are won.

XXXIII.

Their strange apparel and their sober speech
Astonish'd many, and offended more.
When ask'd, what would they buy? they answer'd each,
"We buy the truth:"—a thing ne'er heard before
In that proud city, where they only teach
To cheat, to cozen, and to overreach,
As they *do*, *will* do, and *did* heretofore.

XXXIV.

"Strangers, and not in fashion!" furnish'd cause
To constitute a difference, and those
Who could not by discussion gain applause,
Instead of argument appeal'd to blows.
For, causing in their merriment a pause,
The pilgrims were arrested, and the laws
Twisted to meet the wishes of their foes.

XXXV.

Examined, oft remanded, and, in fine,
Committed for HIGH TREASON 'gainst the FAIR;
A jury pack'd, the pilgrims they consign
To trial, where all miscreants who could swear
That right was wrong, or black was white, combine;
Judge frowning, jury nodding; and, in fine,
The verdict, GUILTY! as some verdicts are.

XXXVI.

And instant execution was decreed
On FAITHFUL first, because he had denied
That city's lord to worship—CHRISTIAN, freed
For present policy, though much he tried,
With truths unanswer'd, for his friend to plead—
Offer'd his life, and earnestly indeed
Wish'd to save FAITHFUL, he, instead, had died.

XXXVII.

Without one instant's respite, to the stake
FAITHFUL was dragg'd, what tortures he sustain'd
Here we attempt not to describe, for sake
Of hearts that by such blazon would be pain'd;
Suffice to say, whate'er a heart might break
Of insult, or to agony could wake
The frame, was by their cruel laws ordain'd.

XXXVIII.

Nought could their fell malignity exceed,
Unless their victim's constancy to bear
Their torments, and with firmness intercede
For his fierce enemies in parting prayer;
And when at every pore he seem'd to bleed,
And, flame-encircled, could no longer plead,
Then seem'd the heavens his triumph to declare.

XXXIX.

A CAR, too dazzling for a waking eye,
Did in my dream with majesty descend,
And, as ELIJAH erst was call'd on high,
So did an host of SERAPHIM attend
The conqueror FAITHFUL: CHRISTIAN, with a sigh,
And arms extended, seem'd as he would try
To catch the mantle of his martyr'd friend.

XL.

If heretofore, the music of the spheres
Accompanied each pageant I beheld,
How indescribably to earthly ears
The *present* burst of joy my awe impell'd:
So vast, so overpow'ring yet appears
Its memory, that but for timely tears
'Twould burst the bosom its expression swells.

XLI.

No mortal words can picture what my dream
Of song presented; softly now it roll'd
Like zephyrs o'er Æolian strings; then bold
As lately pent-up thunder, did it seem.
And, could I tell the theme, 'twould thus be told:

ÆRIAL CHORUS.

" He rises, the victim of fortune and death,
"The army of martyrs a martyr attend,
"A prayer for his foes graced his agonized breath
" When dying, who rises to life without end !"

END OF CANTO V.

CANTO VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

CHRISTIAN, from far, beholds the heav'nly rest,
Where long his wishes and his heart had lain;
Yet ere attain'd, that home for the distrest,
His wanderings more correction must sustain,
'Till ERROR conquer'd, and DESPAIR suppress,
And DEATH subdued, his place among the blest
We see, at length, the happy Pilgrim gain!

The Wife of Christian, and her children four,
In Heaven's good time convinced——

Stanza xliii.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

CANTO VI.

I.

That Christian should a death so dire behold
As that which Faithful firmly underwent,
Was but anticipation, he was told,
Of pangs more cruel for *his* portion meant;
But threats of death, or promises of gold,
He scorn'd, who neither would be bought or sold,
And, for his faith, to suffer was content.

II.

And Faithful's firmness in his trying hour
Had countless converts to religion made;
Of whom too many, by the hand of power,
Where Christian languish'd, were in durance laid:
Of these, one Hopeful, from that dismal tower
Escap'd foes "seeking whom they might devour,"
And Christian, too, found freedom through his aid.

III.

Like PAUL and SILAS, hand in hand they went,
As with light step the city gates they pass'd;
And great, I scarce need say, was their content
When that land's barriers they o'erstepp'd at last;
But most was CHRISTIAN happy—with intent
To cheer his path it seem'd as tho' Heav'n sent,
In FAITHFUL'S stead, a friend as firm and fast!

IV.

There wanted not (with such the world o'erflows)
Seductive tongues to turn their steps aside:
BY-ENDS from FAIR-SPEECH city, one of those
Who pious *seem* for profit, vainly tried,
Tho' hot and cold with the same breath he blows,)
And DEMAS a whole mine of silver shows,—
But CHRISTIAN bribes and flattery defied.

V.

To yield to DEMAS, HOPEFUL felt inclined,
But CHRISTIAN kept him from so great default;
That ill averted, in their path they find
A female, figured in a rock of salt!
LOT'S WIFE! Now sorrowing HOPEFUL call'd to mind
He'd have *gone* back, not *look'd*—the friendship kind
That saved him, ne'er could he too high exalt!

VI.

Now by a river broad their progress lay,
Which by SAINT JOHN was named of LIFE the stream;
And on its banks they journey'd many a day,
Where fruits to grow spontaneously did seem;
Fruits that preserv'd from sickness and decay,
And free to all who pass'd that pleasant way:
Too pleasant to be match'd but in a dream!

VII.

Sad were the Pilgrims when that pathway ceas'd,
For soon the road unequal grew, and dry
As Arab deserts, as the heat increas'd,
With no OASIS to relieve the eye;
Until a shadowy lane, a very feast
To sunburnt traveller, or wayworn beast,
They gladly saw, as in my dream did I.

VIII.

"To By-path Meadow" did a board direct,
And CHRISTIAN blithely would that route essay,
But HOPEFUL, in *his* turn, would fain protect
His friend from wand'ring from the KING'S highway:
Wisely his *own* fault did he recollect,
Foreboding by-ways might be incorrect,
And tempt them into dangers dark to stray.

IX.

But CHRISTIAN pointed out, that side by side
With the straight road it went, or *seem'd* to go,
And then a man before them they espied,
VAIN CONFIDENCE his name, and sought to know
From him if safely might that path be tried.
"'Tis the *best* road," the traveller replied,
"To prove it, I'll precede, the way to show."

X.

Forward he went; they followed: brief the space
Of time 'ere darkness, like a withering cloud,
Obscured all objects: nothing could they trace,
Save when blue lightnings glared on tall trees bow'd
By gusts terrific; and their leader's face
Grew pale with dread of peril and disgrace,
'Till headlong falling, shriek'd the wretch aloud!

XI.

A pitfall had receiv'd the treacherous guide:
VAIN CONFIDENCE was now no more! and TRUTH
Began o'er CHRISTIAN'S senses to preside,
Who own'd his error to the trembling youth
He had persuaded, in the fancied pride
Of eldership, with him to turn aside:
And dreadful was the consequence, in sooth!

XII.

In vain they struggled to regain the track
By which they left a rough but safer ground;
But "*Gradus revocare*," to go back
Was not so easy as to *err*, they found:
Daylight and courage now they both did lack,
And fear'd all nameless ills that might attack,
From beast or bandit prowling there around.

XIII.

And thrice, or more, did they attempt, in vain,
To find the boundary so madly crost:
The roaring waters drove them back again,
And nearly, like their guide, had they been lost;
Till worn with fear, anxiety, and pain,
Fruitless alike to struggle or complain,
Sleep, overpow'ring, seiz'd them, to their cost!

XIV.

Now near that spot, for such a dwelling fit,
A hideous GIANT's castellated den
Frown'd o'er the landscape drear; where snare or pit
Were in each path to catch unthinking men,
Who, like our pilgrims, had so little wit
As a safe road's security to quit
For mire, morass, and fog, and filthy fen!

XV.

The GIANT of that castle was DESPAIR,
(Grandson of DISCONTENT, SIN's favorite child,
Wedded to DIFFIDENCE, allied to CARE,)
Who ever murmur'd, and who never smiled;
And forth he every morning did repair
His man-traps to inspect, if haply there
Some victim to his toils might be beguil'd.

XVI.

But, though he never smiled, a ghastly grin
His fearful face made more ferocious still,
Whene'er a captive, caught in net or gin,
His deep-dug dungeons might be doom'd to fill;
And when he found our pilgrims slept within
His web, thus arrogant, did he begin
To triumph o'er the game he meant to kill.

XVII.

"Awake! half-witted wanderers, arise!
"Full dearly for this trespass shall ye pay,
"To DOUBTING CASTLE'S LORD no common prize,
"DESPAIR shall revel in your hearts to-day!"
Then drove them forward, with reproachful cries,
Distorted mouth, and rage-inflated eyes,
A brutal joy delighting to display!

XVIII.

He urged them on, till in his castle's keep,
Where neither light nor comfort he bestows,
Plung'd by DESPAIR in cavern dark and deep,
With water stagnant, blackest bread, and blows;
And when subdued by cruelty to weep,
DESPAIR advised them they in *endless sleep*
Should seek oblivion of their cureless woes.

XIX.

This counsel, oft repeated, undermined
By slow degrees, first CHRISTIAN, then his friend;
HOPEFUL, though last to own it, felt inclined
By self-destruction self-caus'd cares to end;
The GIANT'S helpmate, DIFFIDENCE, combined
With her dark lord, DESPAIR, each captive mind
To SUICIDE, Hell's blackest crime, to bend.

XX.

Celestial mercy! attribute most fair
Of HIM whose goodness lends thy ray on earth,
To gild the black recesses of DESPAIR,
And from his banishment to HOPE give birth;
Thine influence was felt by CHRISTIAN, where
Inhumed within the lowest pit of Care,
His woes were made the sport of wreckless mirth!

XXI.

And HOPEFUL, sinking, heard a sudden cry
From CHRISTIAN, crazed with joy who seem'd to be;
"Fool that I am! imprison'd thus to lie,
"When I the means possess of being free!
"The KEY OF PROMISE in my reach doth lie
"Forgotten!—Thrice ungrateful wretch, that I
"Should thus neglect such mercy shewn to me!"

XXII.

Yet HOPEFUL deem'd his comrade did but mock.
"Not so," quoth CHRISTIAN, since 'tis Heav'n's decree:
"In DOUBTING CASTLE there is not a lock
"The KEY OF PROMISE will not open: See!"
This said, their fetters first he loos'd, the block
That form'd their dungeon-door of solid rock,
Next,—all the rest obey'd that wond'rous KEY!

XXIII.

DESPAIR was lull'd to sleep while forth they sped
With breathings quick, but noiseless; yet their fate
Hung on a hair. The GIANT left his bed
And follow'd furiously, but too late.
So swift for life the panting pilgrims fled,
They reach'd the spot from whence they were misled,
And who shall then describe their bliss how great?

XXIV.

To HIM who hears the sinner from the deep,
Their gratitude they pour, and then erect
A warning there, that none again may sleep,
Or quit the bounds which the right way protect;
That fell DESPAIR no future souls should keep
In darkness, anguish, and dismay to weep
Their erring idly from the road direct.

XXV.

With haste, that did permit no looks behind,
And hearts which ev'ry grateful feeling thrills,
The pilgrim pair ascend where shepherds kind
Cancell'd the memory of by-gone ills:
Those MOUNTAINS, call'd DELECTABLE, remind
CHRISTIAN of CHARITY, and SISTERS kind,
Who from their house-top shew'd those lofty hills.

XXVI.

KNOWLEDGE, EXPERIENCE, WATCHFUL, and SINCERE,
The shepherd chiefs were named, and they, methought,
From lofty hills their future road made clear,
And gave such lessons, as the pilgrims taught
To be upon the watch, and, (not *severe*,
But just by way of *hint*, they) made appear
The spot where CHRISTIAN and his friend were caught.

XXVII.

To crown the prospect, far and far away,
Appear'd the CITY where the JUST abide;
Bright, and far brighter than the solar ray,
More dazzling than all dreams of earthly pride;
And, dreadfully opposed, a devious way
Bedeck'd with ev'ry flowret sweet and gay,
Led to HELL's postern on a mountain's side.

XXVIII.

The shepherds gave them of the road a plan,
With this advice engraved thereon around:
"Avoid all flatterers, and let each man
"Beware of sleeping on enchanted ground;"
The Pilgrims seem'd each other's thoughts to scan,
When they replied, "A *risk we* lately ran,
"Insures we ne'er shall be so heedless found."

XXIX.

Among the crosses by our Pilgrims met,
On leaving the good shepherds, there was one,
(A stumbling-block, which *has* been, and *is yet*,
To the best meaning who life's race may run;)
'Twas IGNORANCE, his mind bound in a net,
Despising all of knowledge he *might* get,
Proud of possessing little more than none!

XXX.

He came not by the *first* gate, but had pass'd
Through broken fences, which, when he was told
Would bar his hoped-for entrance at the *last*,
Gave great offence; and he, in accent bold,
"Regretted with such fools his lot was cast,
"And wonder'd people's tongues should run so fast,
On one who for such schooling was too old!"

XXXI.

"Besides," quoth he, "I pay each man his own,
"Tythes, and church-dues, give alms, and fast, and pray;
"Nor e'er with others' business was known
"To make or meddle—therefore, my own way
"I chuse, and all unask'd advice disown;
"Follow *your* systems, and let mine alone!"
And off he tripp'd, most lamentably gay.

XXXII.

In bonds APOSTACY they next behold,
By seven devils borne to that hill-side,
Where lately, by the shepherds they were told,
A postern-gate of HELL might be descried;
And, further, though forewarn'd not to be sold
To FLATTERERS, they once more, as of old,
Were caught by ONE, their weakness who espied.

XXXIII.

A white-rob'd demon, with mask'd face, was he,
Who, with soft words, which hardest heart did hide,
When ask'd if ZION-ward that road might be?
Dazzled their sense, and turn'd their steps aside.
O man! that in experience' spite, we see,
So hourly blinded; when wilt thou be free
From SATAN's spells, by which thou art so tied!

XXXIV.

With fascination dire he led them where
By nets they were entangled; then, in tone
Of deep derision, laughing, left them there,
Helpless, to mourn and moralize alone,
In dread and terror, lest the fiend DESPAIR,
Again should seize them; when a form as fair
As Fancy's brightest outline on them shone.

XXXV.

Frail as ARACHNE's web, their bondage fell
On either side, and now their friend sincere
Scarce had dissolv'd the sable flatterer's spell,
Which, but for him, had haply cost them dear,
When, with a scourge they merited full well,
("*He chasteneth whom he loveth,*" Scriptures tell,)
Their fault he visited with arm severe.

XXXVI.

With new instruction (and reproof, that they
The SHEPHERD'S guide-book had so soon forgot,
And all their other cautions, yet could stray,
And hazard for a smile their future lot;)
He set them right again—eventful day
Of MERCY! let no verse presume to say,
How oft accorded when man heeds it not?

XXXVII.

In speechless gratitude they pass'd along,
When,—ON the "HEAVENLY CITY" turning back,
They met with ATHEIST, told him he was wrong,
But he, who all belief in TRUTH did lack,
Scoff'd at their doctrine as a gone-by song,
Opposing light with obstinacy strong,
And left them, other pilgrims to attack.

XXXVIII.

At length they enter'd that enchanted field,
Of which the SHEPHERDS bade them take good heed,
For, should they to its magic influence yield,
Soft, stealing, sleep their progress would impede;
And finally their doom might then be seal'd;
But pious converse they, by way of shield,
Sustained, which saved them in no common need.

XXXIX.

Victorious from that trial, now anew
They forward press, and from a lovely vale,
The "LAND OF BEULAH" call'd, their 'raptured view
Beholds their promised home! no fears assail
Their happy minds, their dearest hopes proved true,
Forgotten ev'ry sorrow late gone through,
Transporting certainties of HEAVEN prevail!

XL.

Dazzling, and every step more dazzling still,
The glorious, indescribable abode
So soon to be their own, the Pilgrims fill
With happiness scarce hoped for on their road;
And "shining" inmates from that heav'nly hill
Announce that, by their Royal Master's will,
Their "GREAT REWARD" will there be soon bestow'd.

XLI.

A rapid river, sombre, wide, and deep,
Between them and their long-hoped haven lay,
Through which, if firmly they their footing keep,
The depths of darkness lead to endless day.
That river was call'd "DEATH;" and friends might weep
For those who struggle with eternal sleep,
Yet wake to joy,—*what* joy no tongue can say.

XLII.

The theme too powerful for description grows,—
Each by the other comforted, they pass'd
The final trial, and my dream must close,
Where op'ning HEAV'N receives the pair at last.
Earth's inspiration the most daring, knows
Not even a thought to point at bliss which those
Enjoy, whose blessed lot is in that region cast.

XLIII.

The wife of CHRISTIAN, and her children four,
In Heaven's good time convinced, like him, that GRACE
Alone can save, with earnestness implore
Their intercessor, and with zeal embrace
The PILGRIM'S life, until they reach'd the shore
Of the BLACK STREAM, which pass'd, they meet once more,
Illumed by glory from a SAVIOUR'S face.

XLIV.

And now those choristers who ceaseless raise
Before the throne of HIM, the FIRST AND LAST,
The ALPHA and OMEGA! songs of praise
For blessings present, and to come, and past,
With energy immortal to each string
Of million millions harps and psaltries sing,
In celebration of each SINNER SAVED,
And mercies that on hearts should be engraved.

XLV.

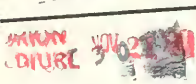
Were NIAGARA'S thunder SWEET as LOUD,
Or both combined, a *whisper* would they prove
To all conjecture what that CHORAL CROWD
Sung, in my dream, of MERCY, TRUTH, and LOVE!

FINIS.

J. and C. Adlard, Printers, Bartholomew Close.

This book is DUE on the last
date stamped below.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.



3 1158 00119 6392

GCS

A3
1834

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

AA 000 367 626 9